

July 1914.
Child

T H E

21

DUTCH BRIBE,

A Ballad.

I.

YOUR Cheese we have eat, and a Toast with it drank,
That you never might vote, nor eke ever frank,
And that you might hang, spite of all you've in Bank,
Upon Tyburn Tree.

II.

IOWN you was once honest *John* call'd indeed,
But now you're *Excise-John*, in **HONEST JOHN**'s stead,
And at last you'll be *John*, that's excis'd by the Head
Upon Tyburn Tree.

III.

HAD you not been a Blockhead, could you ever think,
To bribe Folks with Cheese, and not a Drop drink;
Depend on't we'll see you yet hang till you stink
Upon Tyburn Tree.

IV.

SINCE Honour and Honesty you have forsaken,
May your ill gotten Wealth be all from you taken,
And your fat Carcass hang, until it grow Bacon,
Upon Tyburn Tree.

V.

WOWE *Cooper* of *Fife*! but your Cary to please,
Like Rats or like Mice, to be caught with his Cheese;
Your Member, I hope, he will soon get a Heze
Upon Tyburn Tree.

VI.

DSSERTS now at *Cooper* must surely be rare,
If for Cheese without Apples you vote for *Mynbeer*;
But had he his Deserts, he'd soon swing in the Air
Upon Tyburn Tree.

VII.

PRAY remember my Text and the Words of my Sermon,
And let not this Blunderbus catch you like Vermin,
Which if you shou'd do, may you all soon be swarming
Upon Tyburn Tree.

VIII.

SURE a stupider Fellow ne'er open'd a Mouth,
To think with his Cheese he cou'd cure *Cooper* Drouth;
Jack-Catch do your Duty, so tuck up the Youth
Upon Tyburn Tree.